

Elgin House
R.R. 2, PORT CARLING
MUSKOKA, ONTARIO



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Elgin House

R.R. 2, PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA, ONTARIO

August 28th.

My dear Godfrey —

I know that the news of
Nathleen's death must have
been a great blow to you and
Freda because you were so
close to her and I am so sorry
that you and all of us who
knew her, have lost her. I
thought that perhaps you
would like to have as
detailed an account as I
can give you of the whole
affair and that is why I
am writing. As you may
know, I have seen very little
of Nathleen in the past year
and a half — I am in Toronto
rarely and she seemed to
find it increasingly difficult

to make the trip to Oakville
— the journey to and from
London was pretty tiring, I
imagine for her. So we kept
in touch through occasional
telephone conversations.

So — I was naturally pleased
when she called in mid-July
to ask if she could come out
on Sunday the 21st and, of
course said yes. However, she
called to say she couldn't come
because she had to listen to
the trio which was going to
the Barbadoes (?) and which
she had been coaching. So we
arranged that she should come
on Friday the 26th. On Thurs.
in the late afternoon she called,
quite confused, to see if that
wasn't the day she should have
come. I said no and we
arranged that she should

Elgin House

R.R. 2, PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA, ONTARIO

arrive in Oakesville at one^{on Fri}.
I engaged a taxi to meet
her, which was our usual
procedure, and at 1.15
they called from the taxi
office to say that she had
not arrived — but, the
girl said, an elderly woman
had stepped off the bus^{at 1.15}, passed
out, fallen and been taken
to the hospital. I asked them
to meet the 2 o'clock bus, in
case B. had left at one. and
at once phoned emergency
at the hospital and there she
was. They had been trying
to get me — looking in the
directory under Shaw! I got
my doctor who lives next door
and was fortunately home for

lunch and we went over to the hospital. Poor Narkleen was in the xray room by then and we had paged a surgeon as we went in and he arrived almost immediately. I went out, of course, while they examined her and sometime later they came to tell me that they had asked her if she would like to go in to the General and have them contact Dr. Dewar whom she had for her shoulder, to take over, for staying our hospital. She thought about it and asked if she could stay in Oarville. So she was admitted and the following day, Saturday, the 27th, her hip was most expertly pinned and from then on she seemed to progress well. She was up

Elgin House

R.R. 2, PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA, ONTARIO

for a while each day, was given physio-therapy and really intensive care. I saw her on Friday afternoon Aug-16 and she was fine. On Saturday I didn't go over — Andy Birac came out to see her — but talked to her in the late afternoon when she said she felt breathless. The nurses & doctors told me afterwards that they started working on her for that on Sat. evening after I called. On Sunday, they called at noon to say that she was unconscious and might go any moment and should anyone be contacted. They had your name, which I had given from

a paper in her bag, which
said "in case of emergency, contact
Rodney Tidout". etc etc. However,
there seemed no point in
calling you then because I
doubted that you could come
— and if she recovered, all
would be well and if not,
we could then let you know.
She did not recover and they
called on Monday at eight
to say she had died during
the night. I didn't know quite
what to do but Mazz had
phoned the day before, just
back from his holiday, to ask
about Karlens and as I thought
things over, he seemed the
logical person to call. The
rest you know. Mazz
was absolutely marvellous
and I shall always be grateful

Elgin House

R.R. 2, PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA, ONTARIO

to him. You see, I know nothing of Kathleen's affairs, her wishes and while I had known her for a good many years, I was just not prepared or in any position to take over the arrangements that must be made at a time like this. I do hope that I did right things.

Of one thing you can be sure — Kathleen had the best possible care. Many of the people concerned had met her at my house, liked her and admired her and really went all out to do everything in their power for her. Three doctors worked over her from

early Sunday until she died
on Monday morning — I
know that one of them finally
got a sandwich and some
milk. Sun. night at nine
and that was it for twenty
hours. The doctors involved
were my doctor, Dr. Nina
Zaborowska — Dr. Tunica —
the surgeon, Dr. David Haynes
and his wife, a brilliant
internist, Dr. Thora Haynes.
If you wanted to get in
touch with any or all of them
the Oakville Trafalgar Memorial
Hospital will reach them
and I know they will give
you any information you
want.

This is a very long
letter and may not be
necessary but I know there

Elgin House

R.R. 2, PORT CARLING, MUSKOKA, ONTARIO

must be many questions in
your mind and this may
answer some of them.

Kathleen kept saying she
tripped over a man's "pointy-
toed" shoes but no one will
ever know if she did or if she
had a dizzy spell & fell,
which was what the Hani
people were told. She was
pretty confused mentally but
I believe that this was not
new and had been evident
for quite a while.

If there is anything else
you want to know & any-
way I can help will you
please let me know? I
am at 290 Watson Ave. and
my phone is Victor 5. 2929.

my best to you and
Heda & forgive the long
ramble - I have tried
to give you a step by
step and hoped is clear

Mary.

I expect to return to Oatville
on Tuesday Sept. 3rd.